

Reson wil not that I now speke of sleep,
for it accordeth nought to my matere;
God woot, they toke of that ful litel keep,
But lest this night, that was to hem so dere,
Ne sholde in veyn escape in no manere,
It was biset in joye and bisinesse
Of al that souneth into gentilnesse.

But whan the cok, comune astrologer,
Gan on his brest to bete, and after crowe,
And Lucifer, the dayes messenger,
Gan for to ryse, and out hir bemis throwe;
And estward roos, to him that coude it knowe,
Fortuna major, than anoon Criseyde,
With herte sore, to Troilus thus seyde:

Myn hertes lyf, my trist and my plesaunce,
That I was born, alas! what me is wo,
That day of us mot make desseveraunce!
for tyme it is to ryse, and hennes go,
Or elles I am lost for evermo!
O night, alas! why niltow over us hove,
As longe as whanne Hlmena lay by Jove?

O blake night, as folk in bokes rede,
That shapen art by God this world to hyde
At certeyn tymes with thy derke wede,
That under that men mighte in reste abyde,
Wel oughte bestes pleyne, and folk thee chyde,
That theas day with labour wolde us breste,
That thou thus fleest, & deynest us nought reste!

Thou dost, alas! to shortly thyn offyce,
Thou rakel night, ther God, makere of kinde,
Thee, for thyn hast and thyn unkinde vyce,
So faste ay to our hemispere binde,
That nevermore under the ground thou winde!
for now, for thou so hyst out of Troye,
Have I forgon thus hastily my joye!

¶ This Troilus, that with tho wordes fette,
As thoughte him tho, for pietous distresse,
The bloody teres from his herte melte,
As he that never yet swich hevinesse
Assayed hadde, out of so greet gladnesse,
Gan therewithal Criseyde his lady dere
In armes streyne, and seyde in this manere:

O cruel day, accusour of the joye
That night and love han stole and faste ywryen,
Acursed be thy coming into Troye,
for every bore hath oon of thy bright yen!
Envyous day, what list thee so to spyen?
What hastow lost, why sekestow this place,
Ther God thy lyght so quenche, for his grace?

Alas! what han thise lovers thee agilt,
Dispitous day? thyn be the pyne of helle!
for many a lovee hastow shent, and wilt;
Thy pouring in wol nowher lete hem dwelle.
What proferestow thy light here for to selle?
Go selle it hem that smale seles graven,
We wol thee nought, us nedeth no day haven.

¶ And eek the sonne Tytan gan he chyde,
And seyde: O fool, wel may men thee dyspyse,
That hast the Dawing al night by thy syde,
And suffrest hir so sone up fro thee ryse,
for to disesen lovers in this wyse.
What! hold your bed ther, thou, & eek thy Morwe!
I bidde God, so yeve yow bothe sorwe!

¶ Therwith ful sore he sighte, & thus he seyde:
My lady right, and of my wele or wo
The welle and rote, O goodly myn, Criseyde,
And shal I ryse, alas! and shal I go?
Now fele I that myn herte moot atwo!
for how sholde I my lyf an houre save,
Sin that with yow is al the lyf I have?

What shal I doon, for certes, I not how,
Ne whanne, alas! I shal the tyme see,
That in this plyt I may be eft with yow;
And of my lyf, God woot, how that shal be,
Sin that desyr right now so byteth me,
That I am deed anoon, but I retourne,
How sholde I longe, alas! fro yow sojourne?

But natheles, myn owene lady bright,
Yit were it so that I wiste outrely,
That I, your humble servaunt and your knight,
Were in your herte set so fermely
As ye in myn, the which thing, trewely,
Me lever were than thise worldes tweyne,
Yet sholde I bet enduren al my peyne.

¶ To that Criseyde answerde right anoon,
And with a syk she seyde: O herte dere,
The game, ywis, so ferforth now is goon,
The first shal Phebus falle fro his spere,
And every egle been the dowves fere,
And every roche out of his place sterte,
Er Troilus out of Criseydes herte!

Ye be so depe inwith myn herte grave,
That, though I wolde it turne out of my thought,
As wisly verray God my soule save,
To dyen in the peyne, I coude nought!
And, for the love of God that us hath wrought,
Lat in your brayn non other fantasye
So crepe, that it cause me to dye!

And that ye me wolde han as faste in minde
As I have yow, that wolde I yow biseche;
And, if I wiste soothly that to finde,
God mighte not a poynt my joyes eche!
But, herte myn, withoute more speche,
Beth to me trewe, or elles were it routhe;
for I am thyn, by God and by my trouthe!

Beth glad forthy, and live in sikernes;
Thus seyde I never er this, ne shal to mo;
And if to yow it were a gret gladnesse
To turne ayein, soone after that ye go,
As fayn wolde I as ye, it were so,
As wisly God myn herte bringe at reste!
¶ And him in armes took, and ofte keste.

Agayns his wil, sin it mot nedes be,
This Troilus up roos, and faste him cledde,
In his armes took his lady free
An hundred tyme, and on his wey him spedde,
An swich wordes as his herte bledde,
He seyde: farewel, my dere herte swete,
Ther God us graunte sounde and sone to mete!

¶ To which no word for sorwe she answerde,
So sore gan his parting hir destreyne;
And Troilus unto his palays ferde,
As woo bigon as she was, sooth to seyne;
So hard him wrong of sharp desyr the peyne
for to ben eft there he was in plesaunce,
That it may never out of his remembraunce.

Retorned to his real palais, sone
he softe into his bed gan for to slinke,
To slepe longe, as he was wont to done,
But al for nought; he may wel ligge and winke,
But sleep ne may ther in his herte sinke;
Thenkinge how she, for whom desyr him brende,
A thousand fold was worth more than he wende.

And in his thought gan up and down to winde
hir wordes alle, and every contenaunce,
And fermely impressen in his minde
The leste poynt that to him was plesaunce;
And verrayliche, of thilke remembraunce,
Desyr al newe him brende, and lust to brede
Gan more than erst, and yet took he non hede.

Criseyde also, right in the same wyse,
Of Troilus gan in hir herte shette
his worthinesse, his lust, his dedes wyse,
his gentilesse, and how she with him mette,
Thonkinge love he so wel hir bisette;
Desyring eft to have hir herte dere
In swich a plyt, she dorste make him chere.

Pandare, amorwe which that comen was
Unto his nece, and gan hir fayre grete,
seyde: Al this night so reyned it, alas!
That al my drede is that ye, nece swete,
han litel layser had to slepe and mete;
Al night, quod he, hath reyn so do me wake,
That som of us, I trowe, hir hedes ake.

¶ And ner he com, and seyde: How stont it now
This mery morwe, nece, how can ye fare?
¶ Criseyde answerde: Never the bet for yow,
for that ye been, God yeve your herte care!
God helpe me so, ye caused al this fare,
Trow I, quod she, for alle your wordes whyte;
O! whoso seeth yow knoweth yow ful lyte!

¶ With that she gan hir face for to wrye
With the shete, and wex for shame al reed;
And Pandarus gan under for to pryde,
And seyde: Nece, if that I shal ben deed,
have here a swerd, and smyteth of myn heed.
¶ With that his arm al sodeynly he thriste
Under hir nekke, and at the laste hir histe.

I passe al that which chargeth nought to seye,
What! God foryaf his deeth, and she also
for yaf, and with hir uncle gan to pleye,
for other cause was ther noon than so.
But of this thing right to the effect to go,
Whan tyme was, hom til hir hous she wente,
And Pandarus hath fully his entente.

Now torne we ayein to Troilus,
That resteles ful longe abedde lay,
And prevely sente after Pandarus,
To him to come in al the haste he may.
He com anoon, nought ones seyde he Nay,
And Troilus ful sobrelly he grette,
And doun upon his beddes syde him sette.

This Troilus, with al the affeccoun
Of frendes love that herte may devyse,
To Pandarus on knees fil adoun,
And er that he wolde of the place aryse,
He gan him thonken in his beste wyse;
A hondred sythe he gan the tyme blesse,
That he was born to bringe him fro distresse.

He seyde: O frend, of frendes the alderbeste
That ever was, the sothe for to telle,
Thou hast in hevne ybrought my soule at reste
fro flegiton, the fery flood of helle;
That, though I mighte a thousand tymes selle,
Upon a day, my lyf in thy servyse,
It mighte nought a mote in that suffyse.

The sonne, which that al the world may see,
Saw never yet, my lyf, that dar I leye,
So inly fair and goodly as is she,
Whos I am al, and shal, til that I deye;
And, that I thus am hires, dar I seye,
That thanked be the heighe worthinesse
Of love, and eek thy kinde bisinesse.

Thus hastow me no litel thing yryve,
fo which to thee obliged be for ay
My lyf, and why? for thorough thyn help I live;
for elles deed hadde I be many a day.
¶ And with that word doun in his bed he lay,
And Pandarus ful sobrelly him herde
Til al was seyde, and thanne he him answerde:

My dere frend, if I have doon for thee
In any cas, God wot, it is me leef;
And am as glad as man may of it be,
God help me so; but tak now not agreef
That I shal seyn, be war of this myscheef,
That, theas thou now brought art into blisse,
That thou thyself ne cause it nought to misse.

for of fortunes sharp adversitee
The worst kinde of infortune is this,
A man to have ben in prosperitee,
And it remembren, whan it passed is.
Thou art wys ynough, forthy do nought amis;
Be not to rakel, though thou sitte warme,
for if thou be, certeyn, it wol thee harme.